NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY.

—NO LEVELL'D MALICE
INFECTS ONE COMMA OF THE COURSE I HOLD.—Shakspeare.

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Miscellanies.

[From the Emerald.]

FOLLY MADE LEFT-HANDED.

Wit was fairly tired of play;
And the little archer lay
On a grassy bank, one day,
By a murmuring river,
Here he thought he'd take a nap;
And to guard them from mishap,
In his mantle he would wrap
His golden bow and quiver.

Scarce a moment had he slept,
Ere upon his finger stepped
Some one who was no adept
In the art of creeping.
Wit was ever quick to feel—
Soon he knew the heavy heel—
Folly came his bow to steal,
While he thought him sleeping.

Wit arose; and 'now,' said he,
'Let my bow and arrows be,
Till their use you learn of me,
Folly, I beseech you!
But, if you would know my art,
And be skilful at the dart,
Let's a moment stand apart
So that I can teach you.

Folly went a pace or two;
Wit had aimed, and quickly drew—
Swift the whizzing arrow flew
And fastened in his shoulder.
'Oh!' cried Folly, 'I am dead!'
'Safe and sound in heart and head!
You will live,' Wit smiling said,
'To be ages older!'

'Banish every vain alarm;
You receive no other harm
Than a useless, palsied arm,
For an hour of feeling!
Thus, of his right hand bereft,
Folly since has used the left,—
A memento of his theft
And the bitter schooling. H. F. G.

The following interesting account of Otaheite is from the thirty first number of the Family Library, published by the Messrs. Harpers. It is devoted to a description of the Pitcairn Islands and Otaheite, and will well repay the purchase and perusal.

The food of the natives, being chiefly vegetable, consists of the various preparations of the bread fruit, of cocoa nuts, bananas, plantains, and a great variety of other fruit, the spontaneous products of a rich soil and genial climate. The bread fruit, when baked in the same manner as the dog was, is rendered soft and not unlike a boiled potato; not quite so farinaceous as a good one, but more so than those of the middling sort. Much of this fruit is gathered before it is ripe, and by a certain process is made to undergo the two states of fermentation, the saccharine and acetous, in the latter of which it is moulded into balls, and called *mahie*. The natives seldom make a meal without this sour paste, salt water is the universal sauce, without which no meal is eaten. Their drink in general consists of water, or the juice of the cocoanut, the art of producing liquors that intoxicate by fermentation being at that time happily unknown among them; neither did they make use of narcotics, as the natives of some other countries do opium, betel nut, and tobacco. One day the wife of one the chiefs came running to Mr. Banks, who was always applied to in every emergency and distress, and with a mixture of grief and terror in her countenance, made him understand that her husband was dying, in consequence of something the strangers had given him to eat.—Mr. Banks found his friend leaning his head against a post, in an attitude of the utmost languor and despondency. His attendants brought out a leaf folded up with great care, containing part of the poison of the effects of which their master was now dying. On opening the leaf Mr. Banks found in it a chew of tobacco, which the chief had asked from one of the seamen, and imitating them, as he thought, he had rolled it about in his mouth, grinding it to powder with his teeth, and ultimately swallowing it. During the examination of the leaf he looked up at Mr. Banks with the most piteous countenance, and intimated that he had but a very short time to live. A copious draught of cocoa nut juice, however, set all to rights, and the chief and his attendants were at once restored to a flow of cheerfulness and good humour, which is the characteristic of these amiable people.

There is, however, one plant from the root of which they extract a juice of an intoxicating quality, called ava, but Cook's people saw nothing of its effects, probably owing to that, considering drunkenness as a disgrace. This vice of drinking ava is said to be peculiar almost to the chiefs, who vie with each other in drinking the greatest number of draughts, each draught being about a pint. They keep this intoxicating juice with great care from the women.

As eating is one of the most important concerns of life here as well as elsewhere, Captain Cook's description of a meal made by one of the chiefs of the island cannot be considered as uninteresting, and is here given in his own words.

"He sits down under the shade of the next tree, or on the shady side of his house, and a large quantity of leaves, either of the bread fruit or bananas, are neatly spread before him upon the ground as a table cloth: a basket is then set by him, that contains his provision, which, if fish or flesh, is ready dressed, and wrapped up in leaves, and two cocoa nut shells, one full of salt water and one of fresh. His attendants, which are not few, seat themselves round him, and when all is ready, he begins by washing his hands and his mouth thoroughly with the fresh water, and this he repeats almost continually throughout the whole meal. He then takes part of his provisions out of the basket, which generally consist of a small fish or two, two or three bread fruits, fourteen or fifteen ripe bananas, or six or seven apples. He first takes half a bread fruit, peels off the rind, and takes out the core with his nails; of this he puts as much into his mouth as it can hold, and while he chews it, takes the fish out of the leaves and breaks one of them into the salt water, placing the other, and what remains of the bread fruit, upon the leaves that have been spread before him. When this is done, he takes up a small piece of the fish that has been broken into the salt water, with all the fingers of one hand, and sucks it into his mouth, so as to get with it as much of the salt water as possible. In the same manner he takes the rest by different morsels, and between each, at least very frequently, takes a small sup of salt water, either out of the cocoa nut shell, or the palm of his hand. In the mean time one of his attendants has prepared a young cocoa nut, by peeling off the outer rind with his teeth, an operation which to an European appears very surprising; but it depends so much upon sleight, that many of us were able to do it before we left the island, and some that could scarcely crack a filbert. The master when he choose to drink takes the cocoa nut thus prepared, and boring a hole through the shell with his fingers, or breaking it with a stone, he sucks out the liquor. When he has eaten his bread fruit and fish, he begins with his plantains, one of which makes but a monthful, though it be as big as a black pudding; if instead of plantains he has apples, he never tastes them till they have been pared; to do this a shell is picked up from the ground, where they are always in plenty, and tossed to him by an attendant. He immediately begins to cut or scrape off the rind, but so awkwardly that a great part of the fruit is wasted. If, instead of fish, he has flesh, he must have some succedaneum for a knife to divide it; and for this purpose a piece of bamboo is tossed to him, of which he makes the necessary implement by splitting it transversely with his nail. While all this has been doing, some of his attendants have been employed in beating bread fruit with a stone pestle upon a block of wood; by being beaten in this manner, and sprinkled from time to time with water, it is reduced to the consistence of a soft paste, and is then put into a vessel somewhat like a butcher's tray, and either made up alone, or mixed with banana or *mahie*, according to the taste of the master, by pouring water upon it by degrees and squeezing it often through the hand. Under this operation it acquires the consistence of a thick custard, and a large cocoa nut shell full of it being set before him, he sips it as we should do a jelly if we had no spoon to take it from the glass. The meal is then finished by again washing his hands and his mouth. After which the cocoa nut shells are cleaned, and every thing that is left is replaced in the basket."

Captain Cook adds, "the quantity of food which these people eat at a meal is prodigious. I have seen one man devour two or three fishes as big as a perch; three bread fruits, each bigger than two fists; fourteen or fifteen plantains or bananas, each of them six or seven inches long, and four or five pound;—and near a quart of the pounded bread fruit, which is as substantial as the thickest unbaked custard. This is so extraordinary that I scarcely expect to be believed; and I would not have related it upon my own single testimony, but Mr. Banks, Dr. Solander, and most of the other gentlemen have had ocular demonstration of its truth, and know that I mention them on the occasion."

The women, who, on other occasions, always take in the amusements of the men, who are particularly fond of their society, are wholly excluded from their meals; nor could the latter be prevailed on to partake of any thing when dining in company on board ship; they said it was naughty; even brothers and sisters eat each their separate baskets, and their provisions are separately prepared: but the English officers and men, when visiting the young ones in their own houses, frequently ate out of the same basket, and drank out of the same cup, to the horror and dismay of the older ladies, who were always offended at this liberty; and if by chance any of the victuals were touched, or even the basket that contained them, they would throw them away.

In this fine climate houses are almost unnecessary. The minimum range of the thermometer is about 63 degrees, the maximum 85 deg., giving an average of 74 deg. Their abodes or houses consist generally of a thatched roof raised on posts, the eaves reaching to within three or four feet of the ground; the floor is covered with soft hay, over which are laid mats, so that the whole is one cushion, on which they sit by day and sleep by night. They eat in the open air, under the shade of the nearest tree. In each district there is a house erected for general use, much larger than common, some of them exceeding two hundred feet in length, thirty broad, and twenty high. The dwelling houses all stand in the woody belt which surrounds the island, between the feet of the central mountains and the sea, each having a very small piece of ground cleared, just enough to keep the dropping of the trees from the thatch. An Otaheitan wood consists chiefly of groves of bread fruit and cocoa nuts, without underwood, and intersected in all directions by the paths that lead from one house to another. "Nothing," says Cook, "can be more grateful than this shade, in so warm a climate, nor any thing more beautiful than these walks."

With all the activity they are capable of displaying, and the sprightliness of their disposition, they are fond of indulging in ease and indolence. The trees that produce their food are mostly of spontaneous growth,—the bread fruit, cocoa nut, bananas of thirteen sorts, besides plaintains,—a fruit not unlike an apple, which, when ripe, is very pleasant; sweet potatoes, yams, and a species of *arum*; the pandanus, the jambu, and the sugar cane; a variety of plants whose roots are esculent—these, with many others, are produced with so little culture, that, as Cook observes, they seem to be exempted from the first general curse that "man should eat his bread in the sweat of his brow." Then for clothing they have the bark of three different trees, the paper mulberry, the bread fruit tree, and a tree which resembles the wild fig tree of the West Indies; of these the mulberry only requires to be cultivated.

CHLORINE GAS. This gas is that which is considered by medical men as the most powerful disinfector and preventor of contagion. It is certain that it is most effectual in almost instantly stopping bad smells, whether arising from drains, or from putrid animal or vegetable matter.

Hence its use has now become very general. There are various modes of obtaining it, and of course the chemists, studying their own interest, recommend that by which they obtain the largest profit: namely, the use of chloride of lime. This chemical preparation is to be put into a vessel of water, and when this water is sprinkled about a house, the chlorine gas rising into the air, during the process of evaporation, stops bad smells, and is supposed, chiefly on this account, to have a power of counteracting contagion. By far the cheapest mode, as well as the most convenient of obtaining chlorine gas is to take the black oxide of manganese and muriatic acid.

If a quarter of a pound of black oxide of manganese be put into a cup or basin, and about a teaspoonful of muriatic acid poured upon it, there will soon rise sufficient chlorine gas for a large room. It may be necessary to add every day a little acid, and to shake the manganese a little. If too much acid be used, the chlorine will be felt to be unpleasant. The manganese will not lose its efficacy for a fortnight. As manganese is sold wholesale at ten or twelve shillings the cwt. and is retailed for fourpence a pound, and muriatic acid is sold wholesale for about three half pence the pound in measure, and is retailed at a reasonable rate by the ounce by every chemist, for less than the expense of two pence, and with little or no trouble, a suite of apartments may be kept disinfected for a fortnight. To use an equally efficient amount of chloride of lime would cost fifty times the money, and be very troublesome. Why have none of the Boards of Health given this information to the public? No other answer can be given, except that three fourths of the members knew nothing at all what they were about, and the other fourth had an interest in keeping them and the public in the dark. From chloride of lime the chemists have derived a profit, unusual even in their trade. For instance, about the amount of one ounce put in water, will make sixteen bottles of bleaching liquid, which are sold at half a crown each; together, two pounds.—The chloride of lime cost the chemist just one halfpenny. It is true the bottles and corks cost something in addition.

But to return to the making of chlorine gas from manganese and muriatic acid, which is of the greatest importance to our readers, who may wish to take precautions against the real or imaginary contagion of cholera. The explanation will be familiar to our scientific readers. Muriatic acid was ascertained by Sir Humphrey Davy to be composed of chlorine and hydrogen. When it is poured on the black oxide of manganese, it is decomposed into constituent parts, the hydrogen uniting with the oxygen of the oxide, and forming water, whilst the chlorine rises in the form of gas.—*English paper.*

We copy the following very curious paragraphs from the Mercer County Gazette.—They are curious because that paper has over the editorial head the following ticket.—*U. S. Gazette.*

For President—ANDREW JACKSON.
For Vice President—WILLIAM WILKINS.

"In our paper of to day, will be found an extract in commendation of Mr. Clay, which we humbly think is not unmerited. Mr. Clay is, and always has been, the able and talented advocate of the interests and views of Pennsylvania.

Justice to ourselves and to our country, under clear conviction of imperious duty, at this critical crisis of our national affairs, demands the acknowledgment, that Henry Clay stands as a pillar, on which is based the American System—the rechartering of the U. States Bank—and the salvation of the Union.

So momentous and important objects are these, that no Pennsylvanian or friend to the Union should suffer themselves to sleep when they are assailed.

With deep regret we are constrained to admit that Gen. Jackson has entirely failed to fulfil the expectations of his friends in maintaining the dignity of our Republic. A spirit of faction, disorganization, and disunion, claiming the chief Magistrate as its friend, in the South, and spreading so as to threaten the safety of the Union, to an alarming degree, can and must no longer be concealed from the People. When our dearest prospects are about to be sacrificed to the idol, it is time to throw it away."

An officer went to make a levy, which he executed with the following legal solemnities—laying his execution very formally on a saddle, says he—Saddle, *I level on you, in the name of the State*—Bridle, *I level on you in the name of the State.* Then turning to a pair of martingales, the name of which he did not know—says he:—"*Little forked piece of leather, I level on you, in the name of the State!*" Oh yes! Oh yes! Oh yes! Saddle, bridle, and *little forked piece of leather*, I now *indos* you upon this Execution and summon you to be and appear at my *sale ground*, on Saturday the 10th of this present month, to be *executed* according to law. Herein fail not, or you will be proceeded against for contempt of the *constable!*"—*Fed. Union.*

ENGLISH HOTELS.

The following is a vivid description of an English hotel of the first class, from a tour of a German Prince:—

"What would delight you here is the extreme cleanliness of the houses, the great convenience of the furniture, and the good manners and civility of all serving people. It is true that one pays for all that appertains to luxury (for the strictly necessary is not much dearer than with us,) six times as high; but then one has six times as much comfort. In the inns every thing is far better and more abundant than on the continent. The bed, for instance, which consists of several mattresses laid one upon another, is large enough to contain two or three persons; and when the curtains which hang from the square tester supported on substantial mahogany columns, are drawn around you, you find yourself as it were in a little cabin, a room which would be a very comfortable dwelling for a Frenchman. On your washing table you find—not one miserable water bottle, and a long strip of a towel, such as are given you in all hotels and many private houses in France and Germany; but positive tubs of handsome porcelain, in which you may plunge half your body; cocks which instantly supply you with streams of water at pleasure; half a dozen wide towels; a multitude of fine glass bottles and glasses, great and small; a large standing looking glass, foot baths, &c. not to mention other synonymous conveniences of the toilette, all of equal elegance.

Everything presents itself before you in so attractive a guise, that as soon as you wake you are allured by all the charms of the bath. If you want anything, the sound of your bell brings either a neatly dressed maid servant, with a respectful curtesy, or a smart, well dressed waiter, who receives your orders in the garb and with the air of an adroit valet; instead of an uncombed lad, in a short jacket and green apron, who asks you, with a mixture of stupidity and insolence, "Was schaffens die Gnaden?" (What is it, Your Honour?) or "Haben Sie hier jekklingelt?" (Was it you here, that rung?) and then runs out again without understanding properly what is wanted. Good carpets cover the floors of all the chambers; and in the brightly polished steel grate burns a cheerful fire, instead of the dirty logs, or the smoky and ill smelling stoves to be found in so many of our inns.

If you go out, you never find a dirty staircase, nor one in which lighting comes only to make darkness visible. Throughout the house, day and night, reign the greatest order and decency; and in some hotels, every spacious set of apartments has its own staircase, so that no one comes in contact with others. At table, the guest is furnished with a corresponding profusion of white table linen, and brilliantly polished table utensils; with a well filled *plat de menage*, and an elegance of setting out which leaves nothing to wish for.—The servants are always there when you want them, and yet are not intrusive: the master of the house generally makes his appearance with the first dish, and inquires whether every thing is as you desire; in short, the best inns afford every thing that is to be found in the house of a travelled gentleman, and the attendance is perhaps more perfect and respectful. It is true the reckoning is of a piece with the rest, and you must pay the waiters nearly as much as you would a servant of your own. In the first hotels, a waiter is not satisfied with less than two pounds a week for his own private fees. Such gifts or vales are more the order of the day in England than in any other country, and are asked with the greatest shamelessness even in the churches."

WILLIAM OLIVER BONNE PEABODY.

To a clergyman, it is perhaps true that the principles or prejudices of his sect would oppose some restraints, from which other adventurers are free; and that the whole range of Parnassus could not be considered as quite open to his excursions—some of its loftiest as well as some of its greatest recesses, being interdicted to his muse. The sober mindedness which it is his great distinction and aim to inculcate and maintain, will scarcely permit him to deal very freely with strong passions; and the mere play of a lively and sportive imagination, the whole department of witty and comic invention, would, we suspect, be looked upon as equally heterodox and suspicious. He has no reason, however, to complain of the scantiness of what remains at his disposal;—all the solemnity, warmth, and sublimity of devotion—all the weight and sanctity of moral precept—all that is tender in sorrow, all that is gentle in affection—all that is elegant and touching in description, is fully open to him; and may certainly afford scope to the most varied as well as the most touching Song. When employed upon such themes, and consecrated to such objects, it is impossible, we should think, for the sectary of any persuasion, to consider poetry, as a vain or unprofitable occupation, or to deem amiss of an attempt to recommend the purest sentiments, and enforce the noblest practice, by all the beauty of diction, and all the attractions of style.

The poems of Peabody are full of purity, piety and gentleness. The style is graceful, flowing, and easy; and though it cannot be said to contain many bright thoughts, or original images, it is recommended throughout by a truth of feeling and an unstudied earnestness of manner, that wins at once upon the attention and the heart. In truth, the matter is more in his thoughts than the manner, and the glory of fine writing is less considered than the clear, complete expression of the sentiments, for the sake of which alone he was induced to become a writer.—*N. York Traveller.*

TO WILLIAM.

It was but yesterday, my child, thy little heart beat high,
And I had scorned the warning voice that told me thou must die.
I saw thee move with active bound, with spirits light and free,
And infant grace and beauty threw their every charm on thee.

Upon the dewy field I saw thine early footsteps fly,
Unfettered as the matin bird that cleaves the radiant sky;
And often as the sunrise gale blew back thy shining hair,
Thy cheek displayed the red rose tinge that health had painted there.

Then withered as my heart had been, I could not but rejoice,
To hear upon the morning wind the music of thy voice,
Now echoing in the careless laugh, now melting down to tears,
Twas like the sounds I used to hear in old and happier years.

Thanks for that memory to thee, my little lovely boy,
'Tis all remains of former bliss that care cannot destroy;
I listened as the mariner suspends the oft bound oar,
To taste the farewell gale that flows from off his native shore.

I loved thee, and my heart was blest—but ere the day was spent,
I saw thy light and graceful limbs in drooping illness bent,
And shuddered as I cast a look upon thy fainting head
For all the glow of health was gone, and life was almost fled.

One glance upon thy marble brow made known that hope was vain;
I knew the sickly wasting lamp should never light again;
Thy cheek was pale, thy lips were white as ivy leaves thrown apart,
And life in every panting breath seemed gushing from the heart.

And when I could not keep the tear from gathering in my eye,
To ask one more assurance of love that was so nearly fled,
Thou didst with look of tenderness, that thy happy spirit
[illegible]
I asked if thou did'st feel [illegible] to thy fireside to
[illegible]
And lastly in my heart's distress I sought out to know
I hoped that then within the grave my weary [illegible]
should lay,
And live beloved when I was gone, for many a happy day.

With trembling hand I vainly tried thy dying eyes to close,
And how I envied in that hour thy calm and easy repose;
For I was left alone on earth, with pain and anguish rife,
And thou wast with the sainted, where the weary have rest.

Yes, I am left alone on earth—but I will not repine
Because a spirit loved as well to earlier bliss than mine:
My fate may darken as it will—I shall not much deplore,
Since there are where the ills of life come never, much more.

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

The last number of the Journal of the Franklin Institute of the State of Pennsylvania, contains an excellent article upon a subject of serious interest—the explosion of Steam Boilers. It is taken from the Mechanics' Magazine, and is from the pen of the distinguished, though unacknowledged, son of the United States, Jacob Perkins. It will be seen by the following extract that his opinion is (contrary to the common belief) that low pressure boilers have occasioned more deaths lately in Europe and America, than high pressure, though we are led to the hope that this and subsequent investigations may now find some remedy from that peril which constantly threatens so great a quantity of property, and so many lives.

In one of my experiments in generating steam, I discovered that the temperature of steam was by no means the true measure of its power, although reposing on water, and that steam may be changed instantaneously from low to high steam of the strength of gunpowder, without any addition of heat.—It is well known that in proportion to the *density* of steam, so is its power; and it was believed, that as steam increased in temperature, it would also increase in density, if in contact with water. This belief was the source of an important error.

In pursuing my experiments, I began to suspect that the steam, although in contact with water, had got *supercharged* with heat, I immediately instituted the following experiments:—

A generator was partially filled with water, and heated to about five hundred degrees, and was consequently exerting a force of about fifty atmospheres, or seven hundred and fifty pounds to the square inch; but the pressure valve being loaded to about sixty atmospheres, or nine hundred pounds to the square inch, it prevented the water from expanding into steam. The receiver, which was destitute both of water and of steam, was heated to about twelve hundred degrees. A small quantity of water was injected into the generator by the forcing pump, which forced out from under the pressure valve into the receiver a corresponding quantity of heated water, and this instantly flashed into steam, which, from its having ignited the hemp cord that covered the steam pipe ten feet from the generator, must have been of at least eight hundred degrees, which would be equal to about eighty atmospheres, or twelve hundred pounds to the inch; but from want of water to give it its necessary density, the indicator showed a pressure of only five atmospheres, or seventy-five pounds per inch. Whether the pressure of the steam which was rushing through the steam pipe was five or one hundred, or more atmospheres, the steam pipe kept up at the high temperature before mentioned, which I attribute to the steam being supercharged with caloric.

The pump was now made to inject a much larger quantity of heated water, and the indicator showed a pressure of from fifty to eighty atmospheres. It soon expanded, (the throttle valve being partly opened,) to the former pressure of about five atmospheres. The water was then injected again and again, and the indicator was observed to rise late at each stroke of the pump, from five to between forty and one hundred atmospheres, according to the quantity of water injected, clearly showing, that whenever the quantity of steam was reduced, there was a great redundancy of heat, with little elastic force, and that the elastic force was suddenly increased by the mere addition of water. It soon occurred to me, that to this might be traced the true cause of the tremendous explosions that suddenly take place in *low as well as high pressure boilers.*

There are many instances where, immediately before one of these terrific explosions had taken place, the engine laboured, showing evidently a decrease of power in the engine. To illustrate this theory of sudden explosions, let us suppose the feed pump to be choked; in that case, the surface of the water would soon sink below some part of the boiler, which ought to be constantly covered by it. This part would then become heated to a much higher temperature than the water. The steam now being in contact with the heated metal would rise up the boiler and become superheated. By [illegible] by their becoming charged, although at the lowest point, in contact with the water, with the same temperature of which they were formed, and [illegible] and always dangerous.

It was very evident, that this steam, when pencharged with heat, and was much above the temperature of the water upon which it

was exposing, and in a suitable state to produce explosion, had [illegible] to rise into and give the [illegible] density, by any sudden [illegible] on the water in the lower part of the boiler, by drawing off part of the steam faster than it was generated.

Since caloric will not descend in water, it cannot be taken up by water placed below it.—The [illegible] supercharged [illegible] the upper surface of the boiler in some cases [illegible] ignite coals, or any other combustible matter, which may be in contact with it. This fact I can illustrate by numerous instances on record.

If the water, which is kept below the supercharged steam by the pressure of it, could by any circumstance, be made to take up the excess of caloric in the steam, as well as that from the upper part of the boiler, when heated above the temperature of the water in the boiler, whether the boiler be what is termed a high pressure or a low pressure boiler, the steam therein will instantly become highly elastic, and an explosion cannot be prevented by any safety valve hitherto used.

It was stated in evidence, at the coroner's inquest, taken in the Humber, in the case of an explosion on board of the Graham steamboat, that just before the explosion took place, twenty pounds weight was taken off the safety valve. Now, if the steam in that boiler had been properly generated, the relief given to the safety valve could not have produced explosion; but if the water had got low in the boiler, (as was probably the case,) and the steam supercharged with heat, the most ready way to produce explosion was to open the safety valve, thereby allowing the water in the lower part of the boiler to rise suddenly and give density to the steam above it.

Several instances have occurred when there has been sufficient warning, by the rushing of the steam from a rent or fracture, for the bystanders to escape from injury before the explosion took place.

There has been at least one case, where the boiler was raised from its bed into the air by the force of the steam issuing from the rent, (upon the principle of the rocket,) before the water had sufficiently expanded, (by the removal of the steam caused by the rent or fracture,) to take up the heat of the boiler and supercharged steam, when an explosion took place after the boiler had been raised many feet in the atmosphere, and separated with a very great report, one part rising still higher, while the other dashed with great force on the ground.

The full persuasion of my mind is, that such explosions are remedial, by discoveries, which, for the moment, I cannot publicly mention, but which have been confidentially disclosed to an honorable member of this committee.

It is, I believe, a fact, that more persons have been killed by *low* than by *high* pressure boilers in this country, and such has decidedly been the case in America. High pressure boilers have been substituted in Flintshire within the last twelve months, for those of low pressure, after a destructive explosion of the latter, by which sixteen lives were lost.

J. PERKINS.

Communications.

For the New England Galaxy.

SISMONDI'S ITALIAN REPUBLICS.

This little volume is a very valuable addition to Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopedia, by far the most important of the miscellanies now daily sent into the world from the active press of Great Britain. In its reduced English form, Sismondi's history exhibits a remarkable specimen of the power of compression, as it scarcely occupies a twentieth part of the space taken up by the original French work, which is expanded into sixteen octavo volumes. Sismondi's powers of expansion indeed are somewhat remarkable, as is evinced by his history of France, now in course of publication, which brings us no further than the sixteenth century, at the expense of fifteen overgrown octavos. His pen seems to work with a sort of steam power, but brevity and rapidity of composition seldom go together.

The original work however, is by no means too expanded for the subject, which embraces the history of a multitude of separate states, which notwithstanding some common national characteristics, were as dissimilar in their subordinate features as the larger states of Europe. It was necessary to cover a vast surface, in order to unravel the complicated web of Italian politics for so many centuries, and to exhibit not merely chronological narrative but the domestic institutions and the progress of civilization appertaining to the distinctive Italian races. In this he was eminently successful. It was a delicate process to reduce such an immense bulk of material to a diminutive duodecimo, as there was imminent danger of the true spirit of history escaping, so as to leave nothing but a mere skeleton of chronological details. The author, however, has avoided this by keeping his eye fixed on the prominent features which are alone worthy of contemplation at this distance of time.—Thus he disposes of Gonsalvo de Cordova's brilliant campaigns in the years 1495—6, in two lines, while he devotes three pages to Savonarola's famous fire ordeal. This was right, as the former of these events, however imposing in its actual progress, was barren of consequences in comparison with the latter, which throws a flood of light on the existing opinions and civilization of the period.

Sismondi has entitled his English work a history of Italian liberty. Throughout the whole narrative, he keeps his eye fixed on this point, omitting no circumstance which may tend to develope the rise and progress of freedom, and its gradual decay. The reader will be [illegible] gratified with the enlarged philosophy of the historian, while the new points of view from which the subject is studied, gives us an [illegible] of many characters very different from that in which they have usually been regarded. Thus the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, although inferior to the sixteenth, to the age of Leo X., in letters, arts, and all the luxuries of social refinement, are dwelt on with singular complacency as containing within them the elements of political freedom, which had perished in the latter, accompanied by a sounder morality, greater self-respect, and moral courage, and a more vivid consciousness of personal rights. The names of Lorenzo de Medeci [illegible] had long been [illegible] of a systematic [illegible] of [illegible] country.

Sismondi's manner is very analogous to Mitford's, which involved the history of the Greek republics.—The two historians with equal learning, and equal sagacity in threading the mazes of a tortuous conflicting policy, have come to very opposite results.—This is owing less to a difference of historical circumstances, than to that of the medium through which they were examined. Mitford was an aristocrat, a very ultra. Sismondi a democrat, an enlightened though enthusiastic admirer of freedom in its most legitimate extent. We say legitimate, for although his speculations are sometimes those of a closet politician, too elevated for practice, they are never degraded by any of the radical sans-culotte affectations, too frequent among the French literateurs. Mitford has had no occasion of seizing the most odious features of Greek democracy, which came plentiful enough to his hand in an age of tumultuous license, and which might more properly be imputed to the age, than stigmatized as essential to popular forms of government. While on the other hand, he has been no less studious of disposing his lights and shades so as to bring out the virtues and soften the vices of the most detested tyrants, as Philip of Macedon and Dionysius of Syracuse, for example. Sismondi has studied the genius of the free institutions of Italy with a very different feeling, and although not at all insensible to the abuses of liberty which must always occur in popular governments of so limited extent as the Italian, where the movements of the capital too frequently regulated the politics of the country, and where the system of representation was unknown, yet he has never failed to strike the balance in favor of free institutions with all their defects, showing by a long series of historic illustration that the cause of freedom is intimately allied with virtue and morality, and that the loss of it has degraded the nation to their present depth of mental and moral humiliation.

It is not enough that a historian should have such an extent of erudition in regard to the habits and general tone of sentiment in the age which he discusses as shall enable him to transport, as it were, his readers into it, but he should entertain such feelings as would lead him to sympathize with the actors.—Mitford and Sismondi were equally competent in point of erudition, the former however shared no sympathies with the subjects of his narrative; it is the good fortune of republican Italy that her historian is a republican.

To the Editor of the Galaxy.

I hoped to have seen in your last paper an answer to the article on Mr. Augur's Sculpture, in the one preceding. I hoped it for the sake of Augur as well as of Greenough, for the old adage was never more applicable than that begins with "save me from my friends." But although the comparison there instituted between these artists was as unnecessary as the preference given to Augur was preposterous, I trust not one of Greenough's friends could be found so ungenerous and unjust as to be led by it to detract from the great merit of the Sculptor of Jeptha's daughter. Your correspondent, however mistaken in the points, has not said one word too much of the exquisite beauty of that figure. I do not indeed comprehend the precise meaning of his phrase, that "the execution, is not faultless, is fully adequate to the subject," but presume the author intended to express an admiration properly qualified by defects, which, though very obvious to a practised eye, do not prevent the beautiful conception of the artist from being distinctly communicated to the spectator. Perhaps your correspondent will think this rather a free translation of his language, but I do him the justice to believe that he could have meant nothing else; I join heartily with him in this praise; but to say that Mr. Augur "has designed and executed a composition which in any country, at the present day, would not be discreditable, to say the least, to any living artist," is to make worthless even just encomiums from the same source. The remark, no doubt, was made in honest ignorance of the excellence of the great English and Danish Sculptors, but surely the author must have seen enough of sculpture at home to know, if he has the least feeling for the art, that the thing is not only wholly untrue but impossible. I will not enter into any reasons on this point, because I would not, for the sake of refuting such extravagance, point out deficiences in Mr. Augur's work which the greatest genius could not, with his slender opportunities, have avoided. If Mr. Augur has one spark of that honest enthusiasm of which his works show so much, he must have felt more pained by such praise than by the severest censure; but the main purpose of these remarks is not to find fault with your correspondent's praise of Augur, however extravagant it may seem, but to protest against the unnecessary injustice of attempting to exalt him at the expense of another, who would, if here, be among the most earnest to hail the promise of his genius. If the comparison were just, it would not be justifiable. Mr. Augur would live no higher in merit or favor, if Greenough were the very ordinary person which your correspondent seems to suppose him; and if Greenough had, as he suggests, gained a reputation beyond his merits, I do not perceive what harm that would do to Mr. Augur's hopes. Greenough certainly has not taken away any commissions from Augur, for I suppose even your correspondent would not propose that Mr. Augur should have been employed by Congress to execute the Statue of Washington in place of Mr. Greenough. Nor has there been any absolute want of encouragement to Augur. He appeared among us three years ago with a small marble figure of Sappho, his first sculpture. It was visited by a large number of spectators who did ample justice to the talent which shone through all its defects, and it was purchased by one of our citizens, whom it is no injustice to name with the Merchant Duké of Florence. He has now returned to exhibit his group of Jeptha and his Daughter, and, as I have been informed, has been received with encouragement. Surely it is no friendly office for his admirers to seek to force him into higher favor by depreciating the merit of one who has won the hearts of all who know his modest virtues, and excited the highest hopes in those who are best qualified to judge of his promise in art. Greenough's name has indeed "rung among literary men with the highest degree of praise," but I do not agree with your correspondent that this "makes out a strong case" for an "invidious comparison" between these two aspirants for fame—I do not call them as your correspondent does, "competitors"—they are fellow-students, and both have a long and difficult steep to climb before they can stand upon the plain where the race for superiority must begin. Mr. Augur may feel assured that the favor shown to Greenough makes not a jot of his own, and his over-zealous friend will allow me to say that he will gain nothing for him by such injustice to acknowledged excellence. He will find many to join him in his admiration of his own favorite, but very few whose opinion is valuable will agree with him that that favorite "has labored [illegible] unknown and [illegible] with a [illegible]" [illegible] your correspondent [illegible] to decide between the two [illegible] the young [illegible] and [illegible] perspicacity, and to any presumption, to assign to the author of the beautiful but imperfect works now in exhibition, such a decided superiority over one whose reputation has been earned by a regular though rapid progress in his art, and who has prudently held his genius in check until it shall be equalled by his knowledge.

Mr. Greenough is reproached with having produced no original composition. The writer probably does not remember his model of the death of Abel. It was only in clay, for Mr. Greenough knew that a long and patient practice in modelling, ought to precede any attempt at sculpture in marble; but it was a work entirely original, of the size of life, and of a very high degree of merit, in conception and execution. I suppose your correspondent knows that transferring it to marble would have been almost entirely a mechanical process; one of which sculptors perform no part themselves except the very last touches—much more mechanical surely than making a statue from a picture which he seems to think a matter too easy to deserve much praise, however well done.

Of the bust of President Kirkland it must be admitted that it is no likeness; but it ought to be known that the model was accidentally broken after the President left Florence, and before the marble had been executed.

Of the Cherubs and the other works of Greenough I say nothing, because there has never been until now any difference of opinion respecting them, and I mean no disrespect to your correspondent when I say that I think his observations on them require no answer.

I feel sure that Mr. Augur cannot think that these remarks have been dictated by the slightest unfriendly feeling towards him, or that I do injustice to his merits. I simply defend one who would be his friend if he were here, as I would himself from a similar attack.

To him I wish a generous encouragement and an untiring and well directed zeal in his art, and it needs no more to insure him success; if I were to add one wish more, it would be that he might be fortunate enough to meet, in the prosecution of his studies, the gentleman over whom he is now so unjustly lauded; I would wish him the opportunity of appreciating his high and noble spirit, his classical genius, and more than all, his truth and purity of heart.

The article to which G. alludes was published in part to show off the manner in which our transatlantic brethren are but too apt to exhibit us and our failings. Though we cannot doubt that we might often derive benefit from their lash, if we would set ourselves seriously to consider and amend the faults which they point out, yet we agree with G. that irritation instead of amendment is to be expected, when the stripes are inflicted by those, whom we have admitted to our hospitality and kindness. It reminds us of the lines addressed by their own noble Bard to his wife:

"Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other hand be found,
Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a careless wound?"

To the Editor of the Galaxy,

Sir,—Although the piece in your paper of the 19th ult. (to which the enclosed is meant as a reply) was not mentioned by you with any marks of disapprobation, you cannot, as it seems to me, well refuse to a fellow countryman a place in your paper, which you have granted to a foreigner, especially as the attempt of the last was to vituperate our country, and the endeavor of the former is to vindicate it. G.

My master is of a churlish disposition,
And recks not to find his way to heaven
By doing deeds of *hospitality*.
As you like it.

Mr. Editor,—In reading your paper of the 19th ult. I was especially sorry to find a piece, highly derogatory to our country, which you with much reason suppose to have been written by the author of Cyril Thornton. One would imagine that our countrymen had sufficiently experienced the narrow-minded and disgraceful abuse constantly heaped upon them by myrmidons of the British Government, to warn them from receiving with open arms every insignificant fellow who has scribbled a novel or immortalized himself by a few pages in the London Quarterly.

The just feeling of pride which an American has in showing the liberal institutions of his country is by these travelling bookmakers converted into that of petty vanity, and the readiness with which all our institutions are opened to them is attributed to the mean desire of foreign praise. It is a little remarkable that both that paragon of literature, Basil Hall, and the author now before us, should have chosen the same desperate grievance, to complain of—namely, our excessive hospitality. At first this to an American seems a startling charge and one which he is not able to confute, but if he for a moment reflects he will perceive that it is only by the standard at home that our trans-atlantic friends can judge of the comparative hospitality of the countries, and with such a test we do not wonder at the inordinate size [illegible] assumes. We may consider a class of men who come here from England not exactly as a set of political bull dogs, like the pack now organizing in our own country, but as an inferior order of the canine species, whose province it is to bark at our free government, to snarl at our very liberty, that the glorious fabric of the British constitution may stand in still bolder relief—if indeed one of its proud sons may stoop to name it in the same breath with Irving's country of "Squatters," "Cheats," and "Pedlars."—If perchance these strenuous efforts should cause their feeble voices to reach the throne, they are too happy, too well rewarded, in a smile of approbation from their gracious Sovereign. It is false what they would aver, that we lay claims to perfection; what American can be blind to the scenes now acting at Washington, or who so conscious as not to be aware of the numerous errors alike incident to human nature and every form of human government.

I would propose, as the easiest and most equitable remedy, for this crying sin of America, this disposition to entertain strangers, that in a spirit of strict reciprocity, Englishmen who do our country the honor to visit it, be received as Americans who go there; I think it would be impossible to devise one more effectual. We were educated and told by those for whom we bear much respect, that hospitality was a virtue indeed; if we mistake not, we have read that in ancient times it was ranked among the primary virtues, but we beg pardon of B. Hall, and the Author of Cyril Thornton, as they have fully convinced us of being guilty (at least towards them) of an egregious mistake. One author, speaking of American [illegible], when discoursing [illegible] at length upon [illegible] vanity, with ineffable modesty styles himself the lion, and hints that many [illegible] were in vain employed to ensnare the noble animal. This is indeed too cruel, by merely showing himself, by the grace of person, or perhaps (though he does not tell us this) by [illegible] all the honors of [illegible] and kindly [illegible] too deeply with our [illegible] who have failed in their attempts upon the [illegible] worries, and in their endeavors to secure to themselves the honor of transplanting to our plebeian soil so worthy a scion of British Aristocracy.

For the New England Galaxy.

ATHENÆUM GALLERY. No. 2.

[illegible]—Hagar and Ishmael. We think this picture has received quite as much praise as it deserves; there are several by the same artist, in the collection, decidedly superior. The coloring, although showy, is yet cold, and wants breadth—the face of the female figure is coarse and the expression rather that of physical pain, than of patient resignation under mental suffering.

150—Interior of a Chapel, by *Fraser*. The style of painting here exhibited is undoubtedly in a great degree mechanical. The rules of perspective are few and simple, and capable of being combined with the accuracy of a mathematical calculation. As a specimen of that accuracy, we think this picture faultless.

167—By Van Tell. The light and shade admirable. There have been some very fine coloured engravings from Van Tell sold at auction during the week.

174.—It is much the fashion at present to deride the Flemish school—yet so long as accuracy of drawing, richness of colouring, and truth of expression are valued, the works of Teniers will extort admiration. This is a very fair copy from that artist by Chapman.

182.—A very good piece of still life.

211—Selling fish on a beach. The principal excellence of this picture is the breathing atmosphere which surrounds the figures; an effect difficult to produce, and perhaps depending as much upon accident as upon the skill of the artist.

218.—The drawing excellent, but the colouring and execution rough and unfinished.

[illegible]—Dogs. This is a but a slight sketch, yet evidently by the hand of a master—the Cat and the Dog next her, have much life and spirit—the other Dog is but a blemish in the picture, unnatural, distorted and ridiculous.

There are also some good portraits by Osgood, whose talent seems to lye peculiarly in this branch of painting. His likenesses are good, the attitudes easy and unconstrained, and the colouring natural.

We are aware that we have omitted many pictures, both native and foreign, of considerable merit. We have noticed those only, which during a very cursory survey, happened to attract our attention.

As a whole we think this exhibition fully equal to those of any former year. It is true there are not many peculiarly striking pictures calculated at once, to arrest the eye, and none of those showy and meretricious tricks of art which excite the admiration of the ignorant, but it is rich in pieces of striking intrinsic merit.

Whether the fine arts are ever destined to arrive at any great degree of excellence among us, may well be doubted—not that there is any want of interest in the subject—the crowds which attend every exhibition of paintings, or sale of prints, sufficiently attest that there is a taste for the art, warm, although perhaps uncultivated and therefore not very fastidious. But the comparative equality of rank and fortune which results from our institutions, necessarily forbids that magnificent private patronage which has always been thought essential to perfection in the fine arts. It is therefore only to associations like the Boston Athenæum that the American artist can look, either for *standards* by which to improve his own works, or for the remuneration which is to support him during his labors.

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 2, 1832.

☞ This paper, which probably contains the greatest quantity of original matter of any paper in this section of the country, issues two editions every Saturday. The first is mailed for our country subscribers at 12 o'clock, M. The second issues after the arrival of the mail, and contains the latest intelligence from the south.—Office 12 Devonshire Street, Boston.

Pitcairn Islanders. At this time when we have so recently received accounts of the removal of the inhabitants of the Pitcairn Islands from Otaheite back to their own native spot, inquiry as to their origin has been excited, which has elicited a history full of no common interest. It possesses this interest on two accounts, first because they have been shown to consist entirely of the descendants of the mutineers on board the Bounty, and again from the phenomenon which they present of a people, pure and artless, to the very extreme limit to which human nature can be so.

It will be recollected that the Bounty was sent from England in the year 1787 to Otaheite, to collect the bread-fruit tree for the use of the West India possessions, and such other rare and useful plants as might be deemed interesting or important to either the Royal Society or his Majesty.

It was put under the command of Lieut. Bligh, who performed the voyage in safety and having made ample selections set sail for home. After he had been at sea about two weeks on his return voyage, some of the crew mutinied. He was taken from his birth in the morning, and with a few others put on board a boat, and abandoned to their fate. In our last paper we gave an extract containing an account of some of the hardships they underwent, before their most miraculous arrival home. The mutineers in the mean time returned to Otaheite, and having taken wives from among the natives, and a few of the natives also as servants, sailed for some other spot less known, and more out of the track of merchant vessels. They finally arrived at the Pitcairn Island where they settled, and from them sprung the small colony, if it may be so called, now there.

They had not, however, long been settled before a quarrel arose among themselves which led to the massacre of all the whites but two, one of whom was the survivor at the time of the first visit to these Islands, made by an American vessel.—The widows of the slain, the same night put all those concerned in the massacre, to death. Subsequently a schoolmaster was at his own request left with them, who together with John Adams, one of the mutineers, their wives and descendants, comprise all the inhabitants of this Island. So that a crime the most desperate and unpardonable of all which disgrace humanity, led directly to the formation of a [illegible]

[illegible] Amiable [illegible] in this [illegible] They are described by those who have visited them as being to a certain degree educated, and perfectly pure and free from vices of all sorts. Without being addicted to any of the vices of the natives, they have been educated strictly in the tenets of our own religion, and afar off in their sea-girt home, exemplify what the Christian should be. A tranquil but constant succession of employments occupies their attention, which, while it preserves their minds from sinking into sluggishness, contributes to their bodily health.

Some time since they were removed to Otaheite on account of the scarcity of water upon their own Island—but disgusted with the licentiousness and immorality which they were there obliged to witness, they have recently obtained a removal back to their own unprivileged, but also untainted soil.

For a full account of the mutiny, and of this interesting people, we recommend to our readers the perusal of the 31st number of Harper's Family Library, just published.

Joan of Arc. On the 30th of May, A.D. 1431, the much celebrated maid of Orleans was burnt. A general knowledge of what she accomplished is doubtless familiar to all our readers, a more minute account however of one whose name so often occurs in history may not be uninteresting or without amusement.

At the age of twenty-seven she was the maid in a small inn in the petty town of Neufchateau, on the borders of Lorraine. Her duties there seem to have been of the lowest class, such as riding the horses of the guests without any saddle, to water, and other such tasks as generally belong to the men. Her conduct, however, was without reproach. The siege of Orleans at that time engaging public attention, Joan desirous of assisting her sovereign, mistook the wild impulses of an heated fancy for divine inspiration. She accordingly presented herself to the Governor of Vaucouleurs, and after several repulses obtained a safe conduct to the French Court. There an assembly of grave Theologians having examined her, pronounced that her mission was supernatural. Afterwards the Parliament uttered the same decision.

Armed cap-a-pee, on horseback, she was sent to Blois, where supplies were preparing for the distressed inhabitants of Orleans, and with a consecrated banner in her hands she covered with her army the landing of the provisions, and carried them safely into the city, in the very face of the hitherto successful enemy. Victory followed victory—till she was regarded with intense terror by her adversaries, and by the inhabitants as a celestial deliverer. Not content with repelling assaults Joan soon in her turn became the aggressor, and the English who were besieging the place were either put to the sword or taken prisoners. After many battles the siege was raised, and the enemy retreated for safety.

Her next undertaking in accordance with her promise to Charles, was to crown him at Rheims, a town situated in a distant quarter of the kingdom and then in the hands of the enemy, and the whole road leading to it, garrisoned by their troops. This too she accomplished—and then professed her willingness to retire to her own native obscurity.

The Count of Dunois however persuaded her to remain with the army till the English were expelled from the country, and in pursuance of his advice she headed a sally of the troops from Compeigne. Twice she drove the enemy from their intrenchments, but at last outnumbered, ordered a retreat. At last hard pressed she turned upon them and forced them to recoil, but being deserted by her friends, she was, after exerting the utmost valor, taken prisoner.

The joy of the English at this was unbounded, and a solemn Te Deum was publicly celebrated.

For her offences she was tried, and obliged to recant—and during her confinement in a cell a suit of her former male attire being placed by her, she was watched, and having been seen to try them on, her recantation was held as nothing and she was condemned to be burnt in the market place at Rouen. A beautiful fountain now marks the place on which she suffered.

The history of this unfortunate girl shows to what extent a bold and enthusiastic temperament may not only carry its possessor, but also encourage others more cool and calculating themselves, to follow—and her melancholy fate is an additional brand of infamy upon Charles and his Court, who made no attempt to save one whose death was incurred in their service and for their protection.

Tariff. At Windsor, Vt. the inhabitants of that county have held a meeting of which the Hon. E. Paine of Williamstown was chairman, to consider the bill lately reported to Congress by the Secretary of the Treasury—its practical effects if the same should become a law—and to consider and adopt the most proper means to avoid the consequences of that measure. The Hon. Wm. Jarvis, Phineas White and Jona. H. Hubbard having been appointed a committee, at a subsequent meeting reported a spirited and able memorial to Congress, which was accepted and ordered to be forwarded to the Vermont delegation in Congress, with a request that the same be laid before that body.

Cholera. The last accounts from England speak of this disease as on the decline. In Paris its ravages are most horrible, equal to those of the well known London Plague. Medical gentlemen in their letters rate the number of dead at from [illegible] to 30,000. They are obliged to bury them by night in pits, and the artillery horses have been pressed into the service of these dead carts. It is estimated that about 1000 die daily.

Riot at Montreal. A great and fatal riot has taken place at Montreal on account of a contested election. The candidates were a Mr. Tracy, an ultra liberal, and a Mr. Bagg. The military were ordered out, and fired upon, by which three of the partisans of Mr. T. were killed.

All but Transparent. A New-York Engraved Card in exact imitation of a Bank [illegible] display of engraved ornaments, [illegible] the sum of the note, &c. and the name [illegible] in the place where the President's signature stands upon bank notes, and the name of another person on the opposite side, where the Cashier's name stands.—*Transcript.*

We have had one of them shown to us, so well done that we should not have hesitated to have taken it, if it had been presented as a bank bill. The word Likewise was written in rather large though legible hand, for the Cashier's name, and For Self for the President's. Upon close inspection it turned out to be a [illegible] Card, from New York. We fear these plates will be only an additional beauty upon knavery.

☞ The Transcript in acknowledging the [illegible] increase of its subscribers during May, says [illegible] do not mention this number boastingly, or as an unusual occurrence, but simply as an evidence of the inclemency of the weather."

We have not yet been able to count our [illegible] increase during the same period, but by reference to the Almanac, it will be found that the Saturdays and Sundays have been peculiarly inclement.

Ambitious Student. On our last page [illegible] be found an interesting story called Mon[illegible] Daimones from the 'Ambitious Student,&c.' by [illegible] L. Bulwer. Originally this collection was published in the London New Monthly Magazine, but [illegible] now been collected by the Messrs. Harpers [illegible] one volume. At the time of their first publication they were exceedingly popular, though like [illegible] essays appearing in periodicals they claimed but [illegible] momentary attention and then passed from [illegible] mind.

As they possess much intrinsic value, and are [illegible] say the least, very rare in this country, the [illegible] publishers are well entitled to the thanks of the [illegible] reading community for this book.

Not so Gallant—Billy Black's last. W[illegible] are steamboat regulations like a man about to be married—Give it up?

Because the Baggage is taken at the risk of the owners.

The "*Reformed*" Post Office continues to work in its accustomed admirable manner. The Cincinnati Gazette of the 17th inst. has the following:—

"Last night, Wednesday, the Baltimore mail of Saturday afternoon was received here, with a part of the Washington mail of the same date. Neither the Intelligencer nor the Globe was received. We [illegible] selves have lost Monday's, Friday's and Saturday's Intelligencer, of last week. What has become of them?

A similar disaster has happened to us. The packages of the Intelligencer of the 12th inst. passed through this place for the North last week, at the regular period, but the one for this town did not [illegible] and has not come yet. *What has become of it?* If [illegible] were to answer the question ourselves, we should say, it must have gone where not much less than a dozen others of the same paper have gone, which ought to come here, but never have come, since the opening of the present session of Congress.—[illegible] more paper."

There are but few of us who have not [illegible] grounds of complaint with the Cincinnati Gazette if it were of any use to proclaim them. We [illegible] however, be allowed to speculate upon the [illegible] measurable mass of missing papers, which [illegible] present Post Office administration must have [illegible] ed up in "the receptacle of things lost [illegible] earth."

Latest from England. The packet ships [illegible] and North America, at New York, from Liverpool, brought London dates to the 30th April, [illegible] Liverpool to the 1st May.

M. Casimir Perrier has had an attack of brain fever, in consequence of which he has become [illegible] The council of physicians have announced that [illegible] time will elapse before his entire recovery, if he [illegible] be restored at all.

A strong party is organized in France, having for its object the overthrow of the government of [illegible] The duke d'Angouleme and Henry V. have [illegible] found supporters, both in France and among [illegible] crowned heads. The Emperor of Russia favors the pretensions of d'Angouleme, while Austria introduces a third candidate in the young Napoleon.

A great effort was making by the friends of the Reform Bill, to induce the Ministry to adhere to the franchise, and to create new Peers enough to [illegible] the passage of the bill. Public meetings were taking place throughout the Kingdom, and addresses [illegible] up to London urging this course and pledging [illegible] port. An address from Leeds had 27,000 signatures.

A letter from Paris, dated April 6th, says: M. Perrier will never again be Minister of the Interior, [illegible] President of the Council. No other Ministry [illegible] to carry on the same system would have a majority in the Chamber of Deputies. The royalists are [illegible] present prepared to make an attempt at a restoration. The extreme liberals will not accept office with the present dynasty; and lastly, all cabinets now [illegible] are merely temporary, as another *Revolution* is [illegible] and indeed inevitable. The combinations now [illegible] and the lists now published, and the men now [illegible] pointed, are therefore of comparatively little importance, since another revolution is at hand.

Advices to the 14th of April, give a frightful [illegible] of the condition of Lisbon. Arrests were increasing, orders having been issued to apprehend any person who had not paid the forced loan, and direct him [illegible] particular place of residence; about one hundred [illegible] persons were in consequence in hiding places [illegible] when they were taken they were instantly [illegible] dungeons on the frontiers.

Nothing new from Don Pedro.

In Paris the cholera is said to destroy 1000 per day.

The cholera continues very mild in England, [illegible] more severe in Ireland.

Lady Anne Wyndham, the mother of Lord Durham, died of cholera, in London, on the 22d April.

The citizens of London have presented the freedom of the city to Earl Grey and Lord Althorp, for their exertions in favor of Reform.

Earl Dalhousie, late commander in chief in India, and formerly governor of Canada, has arrived in London from India.

Earl Dundonald, formerly Lord Cochrane, has been restored to his rank in the British navy, and is now Rear Admiral of the Blue.

Mysterious Circumstance. Our readers, we [illegible] will excuse the minuteness of the following [illegible] intended more for distant than local information. We have it from an authentic source; and the [illegible] of the facts disclosed through the medium [illegible] the press in this and the adjoining States, may [illegible] the detection of a false—perhaps to the revelation [illegible] a crime of the deepest die.

The mail road between Kingston and Goshen, [illegible] the counties of Ulster and Orange, passes through [illegible] of wood land on the east side of Wallkill, [illegible] two miles and a half south of the village of New[illegible]—In the early part of last summer, a gentleman's [illegible] cloak was found ten or fifteen yards from [illegible] under a fence running west along the border [illegible] and adjacent to the road; and near it the [illegible] The girth was [illegible] The discovery of these things by different [illegible] different [illegible] created some suspicion [illegible]

...; but no thought of evil of great magnitude was ...

...

...

Sunset Light.

BOOKS AND SEATING FOR A EVENING.

I am English by birth, and my early years were passed in ——. I had neither brothers nor sisters; my mother died when I was in the cradle; and I found my sole companion, tutor, and playmate in my father. He was a younger brother of a noble and ancient family, which indeed I had to forsake his country and his friends, to abjure all society, and to live on a rock, is a story in itself, which has nothing to do with mine.

As the Lord liveth, I believe the tale that I shall tell you will have sufficient claim on your attention, without calling in the history of another to preface its most exquisite details, or to give interest to its most amusing events. I said my father lived on a rock—the whole country round seemed nothing but rock!—wastes, bleak, blank, dreary; trees stunted, herbage blasted; caverns, through which some black and wild stream (that never knew star or sunlight, but through rare and hideous chasms of the huge stones above it) went dashing and howling on its *blessed* course; vast cliffs, covered with eternal snows, where the birds of prey lived, and sent, in screams and discordance, a graceful and meet music to the heavens, which seemed too cold and barren to wear even clouds upon their wan, grey, comfortless expanse: these made the character of that country where the spring of my life sickened itself away.

* * * *

My father died when I was eighteen: I was transferred to my uncle's protection, and I repaired to London. I arrived there, gaunt and stern, a giant in limbs and strength, and to the tastes of those about me, a savage in bearing and in mood. They would have laughed, but I awed them; they would have altered *me*, but I changed *them*; I threw a damp over their enjoyment, and a cloud over their greetings. Though I said little, though I sat with them, estranged, and silent, and passive, they seemed to wither beneath my presence. Nobody could live with me and be happy, or at ease! I felt it, and I hated them that they could not love me. Three years passed—I was of age—I demanded my fortune—and scorning social life, and pining once more for loneliness, I resolved to journey into those unpeopled and far lands, which if any have pierced, none have returned to describe. So I took my leave of them all, cousin and aunt—and when I came to my old uncle, who had liked me less than any, I grasped his hand with so friendly a gripe, that, well I ween, the dainty and nice member was but little inclined to its ordinary functions in future.

I commenced my pilgrimage—I pierced the burning sands—I traversed the vast deserts—I came into the enormous woods of Africa, where human step never trod, nor human voice ever startled the thrilling and intense solemnity that broods over the great solitudes, as it brooded over chaos, before the world was!

* * * *

Seasons glided on, and my youth ripened into manhood, and manhood grew gray with the first rose of age; and then a vague and restless spirit fell upon me, and I said in my foolish heart, "I will look upon the countenances of my race once more!" I retraced my steps—I recrossed the wastes—I re-entered the cities—I took again the garb of man; for I had been hitherto naked in the wilderness, and hair had grown over me as a garment. I repaired to a seaport, and took ship for England.

In the vessel there was one man, and only one, who neither avoided my companionship nor recoiled at my frown. He was an idle and curious being, full of the frivolities, and egotisms, and importance of them to whom towns are homes, and talk has become a mental aliment. He was one pervading, irritating, offensive tissue of little and low thoughts. The only meanness he had not, was fear. It was impossible to awe, to silence, or to shun him. He sought me for ever; he was as a blister to me, which no force could tear away; my soul grew faint when my eyes met his. He was to my sight as those creatures which from their very loathsomeness are fearful, as well as despicable to us. I longed and yearned to strangle him when he addressed me! Often I would have laid my hand on him, and hurled him into the sea to the sharks, which, lynx-eyed and eager-jawed, swam night and day around our ship; but the gaze of many was on us, and I curbed myself, and turned away, and shut my eyes in very sickness; and when I opened them again, lo! he was by my side, and his sharp, quick voice grated, in its prying, and asking, and torturing accents, on my loathing and repugnant ear! One night I was roused from my sleep by the screams and oaths of men, and I hastened on deck; we had struck upon a rock. It was a ghastly, but, oh Christ! how glorious a sight! Moonlight still and calm—the sea sleeping in sapphires; and in the midst of the silent and soft repose of all things, three hundred and fifty souls were to perish from the world! I sat apart, and looked on, and aided not. A voice crept like an adder's hiss upon my ear; I turned, and saw my tormentor; the moonlight fell on his face, and it grinned with the maudlin grin of intoxication, and his pale blue eye glistened, and he said, "We will not part even here!" My blood ran coldly through my veins, and I would have thrown him into the sea, which now came fast and fast upon us; but the moonlight was on him, and I did not dare to kill Him. But I would not save to perish with the herd, and I threw myself alone from the vessel, and swam towards a rock. I saw a shark dart after me, but I abhorred him, and the moment after he had

[illegible] I heard a crash, and [illegible] anguish the [illegible] that [illegible] said in [illegible] voice [illegible] ed the shore and lay down to sleep.

* * * *

I rose with a refreshed and light heart; I traversed the new home I had found; I clambered upon a high mountain, and saw that I was in a small island—it had no trace of man—and my heart swelled as I gazed around and cried aloud in my exultation, "I shall be alone again!" I descended the hill; I had not yet reached its foot, when I saw the figure of a man approaching towards me. I looked at him, and my heart misgave me.—He drew nearer, and I saw that my despicable persecutor had escaped the waters and now stood before me. He came up with a hideous grin and his twinkling eye; and he flung his arms round me,—I would sooner have felt the slimy folds of the serpent,—and said, with his grating and harsh voice, "Ha! ha! my friend, we shall be together still!" I looked at him with a grim bow, but I said not a word. There was a great cave by the shore, and I walked down and entered it, and the man followed me. "We shall live so happily here," said he, "we will never separate!" And my lip trembled, and my hand clenched of its own accord. It was now noon, and hunger came upon me; I went forth and killed a deer, and I brought it home and broiled part of it on a fire of fragrant wood; and the man eat, and crunched, and laughed, and I wished that the bones had choked him; and he said, when we had done, "We shall have rare cheer here!" But I still held my peace. At last he stretched himself in a corner of the cave and slept. I looked at him, and saw that the slumber was heavy, and I went out and rolled a huge stone to the mouth of the cavern, and took my way to the opposite part of the island; it was my turn to laugh then! I found out another cavern; and I made a bed of moss and leaves, and I wrought a table of wood, and I looked out from the mouth of the cavern and saw the wide sea before me, and said "Now I shall be alone!"

When the next day came, I again went out and caught a kid, and brought it in, and prepared it as before; but I was not hungered, and could not eat; so I roamed forth and wandered over the island; the sun had nearly set when I returned. I entered the cavern, and sitting on my bed and by my table was that man whom I thought I had left buried alive in the other cave. He laughed when he saw me, and laid down the bone he was gnawing.

"Ha! ha!" said he, "you would have served me a rare trick; but there was a hole in the cave which you did not see, and I got out to seek you. It was not a difficult matter, for the island is so small; and now we have met, and we will part no more."

I said to the man, "Rise and follow me!" So he rose, and I saw that of all my food he had left only the bones. "Shall this thing reap and I sow?" thought I, and my heart felt to me like iron.

I ascended a tall cliff: "Look round," said I; "you see that stream which divides the island; you shall dwell on one side, and I on the other; but the same spot shall not hold us, nor the same feast supply!"

"That may never be!" quoth the man; "for I cannot catch the deer, nor spring upon the mountain kid; and if you feed me not, I shall starve!"

"Are there not fruits," said I, "and birds that you may snare, and fishes which the sea throws up?"

"But I like them not," quoth the man, and laughed, "so well as the flesh of kids and deer."

"Look, then," said I, "look: by that gray stone, upon the opposite side of the stream, I will lay a deer or a kid daily, so that you may have the food you covet; but if ever you cross the stream and come into my kingdom, so sure as the sea murmurs, and the bird flies, I will kill you!"

I descended the cliff, and led the man to the side of the stream. "I cannot swim," said he; so I took him on my shoulders and crossed the brook, and I found him out a cave, and I made him a bed and a table like my own, and left him. When I was on my own side of the stream again, I bounded with joy, and lifted up my voice; "I shall be alone *now*!" said I.

So two days passed, and I *was* alone. On the third I went after my prey; the noon was hot, and I was wearied when I returned. I entered my cavern, and behold the man lay stretched upon my bed. "Ha! ha!" said he, "here I am; I was so lonely at home that I have come to live with you again!"

I frowned on the man with a dark brow, and I said, "So sure as the sea murmurs, and the bird flies, I will kill you!" I seized him in my arms: I plucked him from my bed; I took him out into the open air, and we stood together on the smooth sand, and by the great sea. A fear came suddenly upon me; I was struck with the awe of the still Spirit which reigns over solitude. Had a thousand been round us, I would have slain him before them all. I feared now because we were alone in the desert, with silence and God! I relaxed my hold. "Swear," I said, "never to molest me again; swear to preserve unpassed the boundary of our several homes, and I will not kill you!" "I cannot swear," answered the man; "I would sooner die than forswear the blessed human face—even though that face be my enemy's!"

At these words my rage returned; I dashed the man to the ground, and I put my foot upon his breast, and my hand upon his neck; and he struggled for a moment—and was dead!

* * * *

I stalked [illegible] a hole [illegible] shore, and [illegible] "And [illegible] said I, [illegible] vast, comfortless, cheerless scene of desolation passed into me. All I [illegible] in every limb of my giant frame, as if I had been a child that trembles in the dark; and my hair rose, and my blood crept, and I would not have been in that spot a moment more if I had been made young again for joy. I turned away and fled—fled round the whole island; and gnashed my teeth when I came to the sea, and longed to be cast into some inimitable desert, that I might flee on for ever. At sunset I returned to my cave—I sat myself down on one corner of the bed, and covered my face with my hands—I thought I heard a noise; I raised my eyes, and, as I live, I saw on the other end of the bed the man whom I had slain and buried.—There he sat, six feet from me, and nodded to me, and looked at me with his wan eyes and laughed. I rushed from the cave—I entered a wood—I threw myself down—there opposite to me, six feet from my face, was the face of that man again! And my courage rose, and I spoke, but he answered not. I attempted to seize him, he glided from my grasp, and was still opposite, six feet from me as before. I flung myself on the ground, and pressed my face to the sod, and would not look up till the night came on and darkness was over the earth. I then rose and returned to the cave; I laid down on my bed, and the man lay down by me; and I frowned and tried to seize him as before, but I could not, and I closed my eyes, *and the man lay by me.* Day passed on day, and it was the same. At board, at bed, at home and abroad, in my up rising and down-sitting, by day and at night, there, by my bedside, six feet from me, and no more, was that ghastly and dead thing. And I said, as I looked upon the beautiful land and the still heavens, and then turned to that fearful comrade, "I shall never be alone again!" And the man laughed.

At last a ship came, and I hailed it—it took me up, and I thought, as I put my foot on the deck, "I shall escape from my tormentor!" As I thought so, I saw him climb the deck too, and I strove to push him down into the sea, but in vain; he was by my side, *and he fed and slept with me as before!* I came home to my native land! I forced myself into crowds—I went to the feast, and I heard music—and I made thirty men sit with me, and watch by day and by night.—So I had thirty-*one* companions, and one was more social than all the rest.

At last I said to myself, "This is a delusion, and a cheat of the external senses, and the thing is *not*, save in my mind. I will consult those skilled in such disorders, and I will be *alone again*!"

I summoned one celebrated in purging from the mind's eye its films and deceits—I bound him by an oath to secrecy—and I told him my tale. He was a bold man and a learned, and he promised me relief and release.

"Where is the figure now?" said he, smiling; "I see it not."

And I answered; "It is six feet from us!"

"I see it not," said he again; "and if it were real, my senses would not receive the image less palpably than yours." And he spoke to me as schoolmen speak. I did not argue nor reply, but I ordered my servants to prepare a room, and to cover the floor with a thick layer of sand. When it was done, I bade the Leech follow me into the room, and I barred the door. "Where is the figure now?" repeated he; and I said, "Six feet from us as before!" And the Leech smiled. "Look on the floor," said I, and I pointed to the spot; "what see you?" And the Leech shuddered, and clung to me that he might not fall. "The sand," said he, "was smooth when we entered, and now I see on that spot the print of human feet!"

And I laughed, and dragged my *living* companion on; "See," said I, "where we move what follows us!"

The Leech gasped for breath; "The print," said he, "of those human feet!"

"Can you not minister to me then?" cried I, in a sudden fierce agony; "and must I never be alone again?"

And I saw the feet of the dead thing trace one word upon the sand; and the word was —NEVER.

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